

boys in jumpers

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1. tozier

15th december 1989

eddie wore the *fucking* ugliest jumper today. it was uglier than pennywise. and that's saying something.

it was red and green and fair isle with pom poms and a v-neck. even for christmas, that's bad.

"stop making fun of my clothes," he whines, nudging into me as we leave school.

"eddie, every teacher covered their eyes when they saw your jumper. no one could make eye contact with you. i just decided to voice my concerns for your mother's jumper choice."

"fuck you, richie," he mumbles.

"eh, maybe later. i've got things to be doing," i wave, hopping on my bike and riding off.

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"eddie's having an aneurysm," stan states simply, standing on the doorstep. "he said '*fuck you*' and you said '*maybe later*' and now he's breaking down and analysing everything. so, were you being genuine or not?"

"only if he does it wearing *that* jumper."

"i'll take that as a *not genuine*?"

"if you want," i sigh, waving stan off and heading back indoors.

truth is, the jumper wasn't that awful. just a bit awful. okay, maybe a lot awful. it was a fucking eyesore, okay.

i think i need to get stronger lenses in my glasses, that's how much the jumper burned my retinas.

hopefully tomorrow he'll have found his dress sense again.

2. denborough

23rd january 1990

"i-is that enough of a j-jumper for y-you?!" i laugh as richie rides into school in a yellow and teal knitted eyesore.

"shut up. i was forced into it against my will."

"i b-bet you *loved* i-it."

"shush or i'll smother you with this fucking ugly knitted shit," richie laughs, parking his bike.

the bell rings faintly inside and we head in.

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the rest of the day is mildly uneventful, unless you count the fact that henry bowers actually decided *against* bullying us today because richie's jumper is a threat to humanity's eyesight.

eddie seemed to love it, though, said '*it'll scare pennywise right back to his sewer*'. so i told him to stop with the pennywise stuff, we'll deal with that in 27 years.

"hey, bill! you coming out?" richie yells, dropping his bike on the front lawn.

"o-only if you d-don't smother m-me with that j-jumper!" i call back.

"keep that up, and i will!"

"i'm c-coming!"

3. uris

1st March 1990

bill wore pink today. pastel pink. not once have i ever seen him in a jumper of that hue, and i don't think i ever will again.

he looked... nice. and i told him so.

"g-grandma knitted i-it and mum guilt t-tripped me i-into wearing it," he sighed, pulling at the pink wool.

"well, it suits you. it's nice to see you out of black," i tried, not wanting to expose anything.

he smiled and blushed at that point.

"hey bill! nice pink!" richie yelled, a huge grin on his face. "did your mum make it for you?"

"n-no it was g-grandma... she made one f-for georgie t-too..."

"isn't he...?" eddie began, playing with the hem of his shirt.

"d-dead. she f-forgot. and i had to l-listen to m-mum tell grandma th-that georgie was out a-and he'd wear it when he g-got home. but he didn't. he never did. and mum was upstairs and she was crying because she'll n-never see her son again because of that awful c-clown!" bill shouted.

richie, eddie, mike and ben all cleared shortly after that.

and then he cried on my shoulder. and i couldn't do anything but stroke the pink wool lightly and comfort bill in his distress.

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i stayed at bill's that night. he slept in the jumper. his pastel pink one.

i slept beside him, under the grey patterned duvet, thinking about how i could've comforted bill about georgie. but i didn't.

4. hanlon

23rd June 1990

stan has recently accumulated the *ugliest* collection of brown jumpers for the summer. they're all thin knit and all in a different shade of brown and are all too big for him.

"don't look at me like that, mike," he frowns, pulling at the brown wool covering his body. "mum thought i was a beige kinda kid."

"she's wrong," i laugh, slapping him lightly on the back.

"hey stan, why are you dressed like the sewer?" eddie grins, joining us outside the school.

"gotta reminisce last summer," he smiles, adjusting the jumper again. he's still scarred, only faintly, but it's there. and he hates it.

"last summer sucked balls," richie announces, joining the conversation.

"why are you weirdos reminiscing it?" ben asks softly, taking his headphones off.

"stan's got a new jumper and he looks like the sewers," eddie explains, smile fading and fingers knotting.

"t-the sewers look pr-pretty g-good from h-here," bill laughs.

and we leave in a group and head to the park by the barrens. and we sit and talk for the rest of the day, in the little park near the barrens, inconsistently making fun of stan's thin knit jumper.

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when nighttime breaks, ben's the first to leave. followed by richie and eddie. then it's the three of us.

"i gotta say though, stan, that jumper is honestly kind of flattering. if you like the sewer look."

"you know what, mike? thanks, i do like the sewer look," he laughs, leaning back onto bill who joins in with the laughs. "i think it really goes."

"it definitely does, i love it."

bill looks at his watch and yawns softly, and then we begin to leave. stan in his ugly thin knit brown jumper, and bill and i trailing behind.

5. hanscom

31st july 1990

this summer is going to be a little chilly, and we've all got our jumpers. apart from mike.

"i've got 5 dollars," stan offers, dropping the notes in the hat.

"50 cents," eddie whispers, placing his offering in the hat.

"8 dollars and 13 cents," richie grins, throwing his money into the hat.

"3 cents," bill blushes, pushing the three coins into the hat.

"and i've got 4 dollars, that should be enough to buy mike a jumper?"

i ask the guys, who are all pulling at their ill-fitting thin knit summer jumpers. "let's go buy him something."

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we bought him a pale blue thin knit thing, it was all we could afford, but we think he'll like it.

"it *could* be uglier," eddie states as we near the barrens to meet mike.

"thanks for doubting our tastes in jumper," richie fires back, rolling his eyes.

mike rides over the path to see us, his face breaking into a smile as he jumps off his bike.

"hey guys!" he beams.

"mike! look what we got you!" eddie grins, producing the jumper from his backup fanny pack.

"really, guys?"

"really," i grin.

"wow. thanks. no ones ever done this for me before."

"well, we're your friends. we wouldn't be friends if we let you be cold."

mike smiles shyly and slips into the blue jumper. "i love you guys."

6. kaspbrak

9th august 1990

ben has officially *the* ugliest sweater vest there ever was. richie's parents hosted a party this afternoon and we were all invited, best dress - obviously.

but ben. oh my goodness, he owns a pastel green, yellow and blue sweater vest. and i'm having a hard time tearing my eyes from it.

i don't say anything though, i'll leave that for richie to take care of.

"h-hey ben!" bill calls. "i like your, s-sweater vest! d-did you v-vomit on it?"

"*dude*," ben laughs. "it was my flower garden that vomited on it."

"that's nasty," stan laughs, joining us.

"but seriously, mum bought it for me and made me wear it. i felt too bad to say no so here i am."

"aw you little mumma's boy," richie cackles, appearing behind me.

"are you kinda attached to that sweater vest or can we burn it before school starts again?"

"let me think about it."

"make sure to burn it right though," i start. "we don't want to burn anything down."

"aw, eds, always being the safe one," richie grins, slinging an arm round my shoulders.

"quick, our m-mums are coming o-over," bill whispers to the group, who quickly scatters.